[PITTIS, Will.] Folio P460 CUP 21 g.41/81

A Tale of a Disbanded COURTIER.

THERE was a *Fig-Tree* on a riſing Ground;
With a clear Riv'let at its Foot,
The Scituation was ſo pleaſant found
And ſo inviting was its Fruit.
The Boughs and Leavs about the ſurface ſpread
Were interwoven ſo together,
That it not only fed;
But ſhelter'd all the Birds in ſultry Weather.
Now once upon a *Summer's* Day,
After a Violent Heat,
Such Thunder and ſuch Lighting fell that Way;
That one and all deſerted their Retreat.
No ſooner had the Feather'd Race,
Forſook their old abiding Place,
But it immediatly took Fire,
And though it was not burn'd entire,
Yet of its Fruits and of its Boughs,
There was ſuch Havock made,
That what had ſerv'd 'em both for Food and Houſe,
Was in a Moment ſtrip'd of all its Shade.
But after ſome three quarters of an Hour,
It happen'd that the Storm blew o'er,
And Lightning ceaſing to devour
Fed its lambent Flames no more.
When ſeveral of the Birds that fled
To their old Station, took their Flight,
Which had ſo alter'd its once Verdant Head,
That they ſcarce knew it at the ſight.
In ſhort the *Turtles*, and ſome others came
Of a more generous Strain,
And knowing it to be the ſame
Perch'd on its Widdow'd Branches once again;
It's Widdow'd Branches gave 'em no Offence,
Nor rais'd the leaſt diſquiet in their Mind,
They with Contentment bore the Stench,
Which the departed Lightning left behind.
At this the *Kites* and other Birds of Prey,
Stood as if Thunder Strook,
And would have drawn 'em all away,
To a large Neighbouring Oak.
There, ſaid the *Vulter*, you may be
Protected and live Eaſily;
But for your ſtaying, where you Stand
I ſee no Argument at Hand
That *Honour* brings, or *Duty*,
And I ſhall think it not amiſs,
If after ſuch a Scene as this,
You chuſe a Place of Safety that will ſuit ye.
But ſtill the *Turtles* and their *Comrades* kept
Their Poſt in ſpight of Wind and Weather,
Reſolv'd tho' it was of it's Honour's ſtrip'd
They and the *Fig-Tree'd* ſtand and fall together.

APPLICATION.

FEW like the *Turtle* in our Days
A Patriot in Diſgrace will praiſe
But moſt are ſo untoward
That *S*——— himſelf muſt Paſs
Amongſt 'em for a very Aſs,
And *Rook* be ſtil'd a Coward.
When but for one's prudential ſchemes
They neer had dream'd the Golden Dreams
They daily entertain,
And but for t'others *Gibraltar*
We'd dropt the *Catalonian* War
And nee'r ſet Foot in *Spain*.

D^r. H: Sacheverell
S^r. Geo: Rook Adm^l.

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